

## Heavy's Sandwich Shop

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## Heavy's Sandwich Shop

by [xandermartin98](#)

### Summary

After the failure of his previous restaurant, "Sandvich King", Heavy Weapons Guy employs the help of the Engineer to create a new restaurant, "Heavy's Sandwich Shop". Using "SANDVICH IS DELICIOUS" as his advertising motto, he hires his fellow teammates as employees to run the restaurant. This is a very short but sweet sample story written to feel like a G-Mod video. If you have ideas to expand the story, please contribute.

- Inspired by [Heavy & The Sandwich Business](#) by CaptainDarkMage

(This story is inspired by "Heavy & The Sandwich Business", a fanfiction written by CaptainDarkMage.)

Heavy Weapons Guy, after serving his jailtime as punishment for killing a Scout, was ready to attempt a new restaurant chain. Rather than calling it "Sandvich King", he decided to rename it "Heavy's Sandwich Shop" to avoid being attacked by Burger King's lawyers.

Heavy called the Engineer on the phone. "ENGINEER! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN BUILD BUILDING FOR ME?!" "Sure, what kinda buildin'?" Engineer asked. "A LARGE-SCALE RESTAURANT! HEAVY'S SANDVICH SHOP! AHHAHAHAHA!" Heavy replied. "All righty then!" Engineer hung up.

TWO DAYS LATER... "Whew-ee!" Engineer huffed. "That sure was some dang hard work right

there." "ENGINEER! I SEE YOU FINISH ALREADY?" Heavy asked, bewildered. "I'm the best there is at what I do." Engineer simply stated. "YOU ARE ENGINEER, NOT BUILDER!" Heavy argued.

"Son, I reckon you better stop fussin'. I got the dang job done right and that's all that matters." Engineer concluded.

ONE DAY LATER... "Okay, partner, now we need an advertisin' slogan." Engineer explained. "Ya got any rooty tootin' ideas up your sleeve?" "I KNOW!" A lightbulb suddenly turned on in the Heavy's mind. "SANDVICH IS DELICIOUS!"

"Why, that's just as diddly-dang brilliant as it is simple!" Engineer realized with amazement. "Son, you get a thumbs-up from your old pal Engie." Heavy ordered a large group of Scouts to set up posters for the new restaurant, while Engineer helped Heavy to set up an online advertising campaign.

"Soon, this place'll have its own gosh-darn website." Engineer explained. "LOL INTERNET IS AWESOME!" Heavy concluded.

ONE DAY LATER... "This place still ain't ready yet." Engineer explained. "WHAT NOW?" Heavy asked. "We need more employees, partner. Hard-workin' and reliable employees that'll keep things goin' fast and easy without foolin' around." Engineer explained.

Heavy picked up the phone. "SCOUT! I HIRE YOU FOR HEAVY'S SANDVICH SHOP!" "Yo, what's up?" Scout answered the phone. "What awesome job am I getting from YOU, huh? Lard-face!" "YOU ARE JANITOR!" Heavy yelled. "YOU SCRUB EVERYTHING!"

Heavy called Spy. "What is your problem, gentleman?" Spy asked. "I HIRE YOU FOR HEAVY'S SANDVICH SHOP!" Heavy explained. "YOU ARE WAITER!" "Very well then." the Spy concluded, knotting his tie and straightening his face mask. "I will arrive shortly."

Heavy called Medic and Pyro. "Mfpmpppmfpmfppf, fppmfpppf mffffmm fmpmfpmffffmm?" Pyro asked. "IT IS ME, HEAVY! I HIRE YOU FOR HEAVY'S SANDVICH SHOP!" Heavy explained. "PYRO! YOU ARE CHEF!" Heavy yelled.

"Fmpmfpmmmfmp'fmm mpffmfmmfpmfmpffpppmfmm mmmfppmppfmmppfppmmpp!" Pyro excitedly replied. "CAN YOU PASS PHONE TO MEDIC?" Heavy asked. "Fmmfmfpffmpp fmpmfpmffpppmfmm!" Pyro answered, passing the phone to Medic.

"Vat eez your request, my young patient?" Medic asked. "I HIRE YOU FOR HEAVY'S SANDVICH SHOP!" Heavy explained. "YOU ARE FOOD CHOPPER!" "Oh, goodie!" Medic exclaimed. "Zere eez nothing I love more zen cutting ze meat flesh. Heheheh..."

"WHO SHOULD I CALL NEXT?" Heavy asked Engineer. "SOLDIER, DEMOMAN, OR SNIPER?" "It don't matter." Engineer answered. "Pick whatever order you like, my friend." "I CALL SOLDIER FIRST!" Heavy confirmed.

"SOLDIER!" Heavy yelled over the phone. "What is the matter, fat boy?" Soldier asked. "I HIRE YOU FOR HEAVY'S SANDVICH SHOP!" Heavy answered. "Affirmative. I'll grab my rocket launcher and head over there immediately." Soldier replied.

"ROCKET LAUNCHER? WHAT FOR?" Heavy asked urgently. "I am not a true Soldier without my heavy-caliber weaponry. Your nonsense is argument." Soldier answered, hanging up.

"NOW I CALL DEMOMAN!" Heavy said. "Hello, thees is Deem-o-mann...what's the matter,

Nessie?" Demoman answered drunkenly. "I HIRE YOU FOR SANDVICH SHOP!" Heavy explained.

"Ay, don't you talk about me mum like that, Soldier..." Demoman rambled. "I AM HEAVY! SNAP OUT OF IT!" Heavy yelled. "Whaddaya mean, you're heavy? I don't remember you being fat." Demoman continued to ramble.

"I! AM! HEAVY WEAPONS GUY!" Heavy yelled. "Ohh, what's going on here?" Demoman asked. "You say you're a Heavy Weapons Guy?" "YES!" Heavy gladly said. "I HIRE YOU FOR SANDVICH SHOP! YOU ARE DRINK SUPPLY MANAGER AND DEMOLITIONS MASTER! BUT DRINK LESS AND THINK MORE!" "No problem, deck hand. I'll sail my helicopter over there in no time!" Demoman confirmed.

"ONE PHONE CALL LEFT!" Heavy said. "Um, excuse me, pal...could I handle this one, partner?" Engineer requested. "SURE!" Heavy confirmed.

"Howdy, partner! It's me, the Engineer." Engineer said over the phone.

"It's pleasin' to hear from you, mate. What've you damned blokes gotten into now?" Sniper replied.

"Heavy would like to hire you for a new restaurant that he calls 'Heavy's Sandwich Shop'." Engineer explained. "Each person he's hired has been hooked up with these here coordinates on their GPS maps."

"Yeah, I just got one, mate." Sniper confirmed. "What job should I have? I think I should be the food supply delivery manager."

"Do whatever you feel like doin', son. Just don't mess it up or Heavy here will probably lose his cool, you hear?" Engineer explained. "Understood, mate." Sniper reassured, hanging up.

"Since we have to keep up with supply and demand," Engineer explained to Heavy, "I've set up a very limited teleporter network system to deliver all kinds of tasty food ingredients to this restaurant, but only in limited amounts."

"GOOD!" Heavy replied. "NOW WE JUST NEED SUPPLIES FOR WORKERS! LET'S GET TO IT!"

ONE DAY LATER... "OKAY! EVERYONE IS HERE!" Heavy said. "IS EVERYONE HAPPY?"

"Aw, why do I have to be the freakin' toilet-scrubbing janitor? I thought I was the most awesome guy ever!" Scout complained weakly.

"Mff pmfppffpmmpp mmpfmfpffpppmffpppmfm fmmmfpmfffmp fmpppf mmmfmmmfpmppfmm!" Pyro said happily.

"I may still eat snails, but I will not disappoint as a trained, classy, and professional gentleman." Spy promised.

"Whatever happened to my beautiful Ullapool Caber?" Demoman wondered. "She had such an explosively passionate love for me, and now she's beheaded..." Demoman collapsed onto the floor.

"I will clean the foreign vermin from this place and Americanize their very souls!" Soldier stated. "SOLDIER! THAT'S NOT PROPER AMERICAN ETHICS!" Heavy yelled.

"Pleasure seein' you, mates." Sniper flatly said.

"I'm going to cut ze meat just like how I perform surgery...only it vill be a much, much worse experience for ze meat." Medic explained. "THIS WILL BE BEST RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD! YES!" Heavy happily yelled.

ONE WEEK LATER... There were many customers pouring into Heavy's Sandwich Shop, and it was a good thing that it was a very large restaurant with a large parking lot. Engineer's security cameras kept trespassers out at night, while Soldier's extreme patriotism easily made immigrants too afraid to step out of line.

Spy made for a truly stereotypical French waiter. As a new customer arrived at one of the tables, Spy went through his trained routine.

"Hello, gentleman, welcome to Heavy's Sandwich Shop, one of America's finest restaurants. What would you like, my friend?"

"I would like a medium-size club sandwich with salami, Pyro's Fiery Buffalo Chicken, swiss cheese, lettuce and tomato, onion, spicy brown mustard, hot sauce, jalapeno peppers, banana peppers, salt and pepper. Toast the bread and cut the sandwich in half for two servings, please." the customer explained.

"Your order has been taken, sir. What would you like to drink?" Spy replied. "Scout's sugar-free BONK soda mixed with Captain Demoman's Cocoroco Cocktail." the customer replied. "And would you like one of Soldier's Red-White-And-Blueberry Pancakes? Temporarily free of charge if you're American." Spy replied. "No thanks, I don't have time." the customer replied.

IN THE KITCHEN..."Oh, how I love torturing ze adorable meat puppets! Zis salami doesn't even have any SKELETON! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!" Medic psychotically boasted to himself.

"Mpmfmfmpmmpp, fppmfpmmmfmp mffppp fmpmfpmpp mfpppfpmfffm ppmppffmmpmfpmppppf ppfmpf mpffmfmmfmpm mmmppffmmp fmpppffmf fmpmmmpmfmppmffpppmfm mmmmmpppffmfmp?" Pyro asked.

"Oh, shut up, pyromaniac. You're always off in Pyroland all the time." Medic retorted.

"Mfpmppffm, Mff'ppm pppppffmp fmmppf mffpppfmmmmppppmmp mmmpppffmppmpppfppfmp! Mff'ppm ppfppp ppmpppmppmmffmmfmmmfmpmffppfppp, fmpppffmf mfmppfmpm mpmmmmppmppppmmpm pmmpppffmp!" Pyro explained.

"Medication, no medication, what's the difference?" Medic asked. Pyro and Medic continued to argue with each other as they assembled the sandwich. Meanwhile, Scout was cleaning every floor and table in the restaurant, grateful that he had at least done his GED test before dropping out of high school.

"Man, why am I the done who has to work so hard while that freaking stupid-ass knuckle-face Heavy just sits on his fancy throne?" Scout wondered aloud.

"HEY, AT LEAST HEAVY FEEDS YOU, YOU LITTLE BABY MAN! THANK HEAVY FOR ONCE!" Heavy yelled over the intercom.

AFTER THE STORE CLOSES, 6 PM... "GOOD DAY!" Heavy yelled proudly. "I MAKE BIG MONEY! AND YOU GET DAILY WORK MONEY!" "Yo, what do I get?" Scout asked. "YOU GET TO SCRUB BATHROOMS SOME MORE!" Heavy answered.

"MAN FACE!" Scout yelled, making a so-called "man face", which at first resembled a "derp

face", to try to intimidate Heavy. "RUBBER FRUIT REFERENCE IS NOT FUNNY!" Heavy yelled.

"Please, Heavy, have mercy!" Scout whined. "AFTER YOU SCRUB ALL THE STAINS IN EACH BATHROOM, THEN WE TALK ABOUT MERCY!" Heavy explained. "TAPE HIS MOUTH SHUT!"

"Oh, uh uh, there is NO WAY you are putting tape over my beautifully eloquent mouthular cavity." Scout said angrily. "Quite frankly, I'd rather be wearing a fairy costume if I'm gonna be scrapin' your dried smelly feces outta the toilets."

ONE SCOUT SCRUBBING EVERY URINAL, TOILET, AND STAIN IN THE BATHROOM WHILE WEARING A GAY- \$\$ BUTTERFLY PRINCESS COSTUME (30 MINUTES) LATER...

"Okay, I'm done!" Scout said. "Hey, where is everybody? What, I'm locked in here? I guess I'll have to sleep in here...this place creeps me the hell out at night."

AT MIDNIGHT... Suddenly, "Item Room Ambience" from Super Metroid began to play in the background. "Oh, that relaxing ambience...just what I freakin' needed!" Scout sarcastically whispered to himself. "Oh well, who needs sleep anyway?" the Scout thought. "I don't even get it."

THE NEXT MORNING... Heavy, Soldier, Scout, Spy, Pyro, Medic, and Engineer were working on a new commercial for Heavy's Sandvich Shop. Heavy was going to be the main mascot, with Soldier as his secondary sidekick. Scout and Spy were going to deliver throw-away one-liners, and Medic was going to emphasize the meatiness of the sandwiches. Engineer was going to advertise the Texan stuff, and Demoman was going to advertise the alcoholic beverages while drunk out of his mind.

TWO HOURS OF WRITING, FILMING, AND REHEARSING LATER... (Commercial)

"Do you feel down in the dumps?" Engineer asked.

"Do you feel like a pile of wasted money?" Demoman asked.

"Do you feel in need of a handsome waiter?" Spy asked.

"Do you feel like cutting yourself?" Medic asked.

"Do you feel American enough to be American?" Soldier asked.

"Do you feel smelly and underpaid?" Scout asked.

"Mpmppf ffmppffmf mpfmppmpppmf pmfmffpmpmp ffmppffmf mfpmmmfpmppp mmm mmpfmfppffpppmffpppmfm pfmmmmfmmfmmffppfppp?" Pyro asked.

"YES? THEN GET ONE OF HEAVY'S SANDVICHES TODAY!" Heavy concluded.  
"SANDVICH IS DELICIOUS!"

After they finished making the commercial, the team noticed something unusual about Soldier.  
"What's the matter, Soldier?" Engineer asked.

"I'm American. All you bastards come from different countries. I'm too nice to nuke this place, so

I'm going to try to sabotage your business instead!" Soldier explained. "You are entering...the world of G-Mod videos!"

IN THE WORLD OF G-MOD VIDEOS... "Hah, you really thought that I was sending you to the world of G-Mod video? Incompetent fools...So, which of the two Americans here wants to join me in destroying Heavy's Sandwich Shop?"

"Uhh...NO!" Scout said. "Get outta my diddly-dang territorino!" Engineer said. "I'm sad to hear that." Soldier said. "WE NEVER JOINING YOU!" Heavy yelled.

"Ffmpffmf'pffmpp mmm mpffmfmmfmpmpfmpmmmpffmpm, Fmmppfpmfmpmmffmpppff!" Pyro said. Demoman was busy puking in the toilet. Scout would have to clean that up later.

"I'd rather eat snails than destroy this restaurant!" Spy said. "Wait, I like eating snails..."

Suddenly, Sniper appeared. "Take this, wanker!" he yelled as he threw a bottle of his own piss at the Soldier's face. "I am Robot Soldier now!" Soldier said.

"Did that PISS you off, mate?" Sniper quipped, making an incredibly bad pun. "NO STUPID PUNS UNLESS NEEDED!" Heavy yelled at Sniper.

"How's about a good ol' steamin' Molotov Cocktail, matey? Aye aye!" Demoman drunkenly threw a Molotov cocktail at the Robot Soldier. It hit the Robot Soldier in the face, damaging its brain and burning half of the synthetic skin off. "OW! THAT HURT!" Robot Soldier exclaimed. "YOUR SORRY, BAGPIPE-PLAYING ASS IS GOING DOWN AS SOON AS I DISPOSE OF EVERYONE ELSE!"

"MAKE SENTRY!" Heavy yelled at Engineer. "Ain't enough time n' resources for that, partner." Engineer responded. "I'd be better off whackin' him with my danged wrench."

"WELL DO IT THEN!" Robot Soldier yelled. Engineer attempted to swing his wrench at Robot Soldier. Countering the attack, Robot Soldier swung his laser claws through Engineer's chicken neck.

Taking the head of his fallen adversary, he tore open the Engineer's stomach, stuffing the head inside. Robot Soldier then vomited steam and ate the Engineer's mutilated body.

"MEDIC, MEDIC, MEDIC!" Spy exclaimed. "SOLDIER MADE ME CRY!"

"I VILL CUT OPEN HIS WIRES AND WATCH ZEM BLEED THE OILY LIGHTNING! HEEHEHEHEEE!" Medic laughed psychotically.

Suddenly, Scout stepped in. "I'm gonna headbutt ya! I'M GONNA HEADBUTT YA!" Scout attempted to headbutt Robot Soldier. "OW! MY FACE! MY BEAUTIFUL, SEXY FACE!" Scout puked several rainbows from both the pain and his overdose on Bonk soda. His nose was bleeding severely.

"Pfmppffmpppffmmmpffmpp fmpppf mpfmpmpppmf fmpmfmppp mmpfmfpffppp, pppmpffmfmfmppppffmpffmfmmfmpmpppff!" Pyro yelled, throwing one of his literally burning bottles of hot sauce at Robot Soldier, who accidentally swallowed a few drops of it.

"OW! MY GOD! THIS SAUCE IS SO HOT IT'S BURNING MY SURFACE FROM THE OUTSIDE AND INSIDE!" Robot Soldier screamed.

Pyro then used his flamethrower. "HA! I AM IMMUNE TO FIRE!" Robot Soldier gloated.

"THE HEAVY MAN COMETH!" Heavy issued a battle cry as he charged toward Robot Soldier, smashing it right in the face with his (over 300-pound) minigun, "Sasha".

While the Robot Soldier was dizzied, Spy delivered the coup-de-grace with a backstab. Medic jumped in as well, sawing the Robot Soldier's head off just before it could fire its eyeball lasers.

Scout proceeded to beat Robot Soldier's already dead body for over thirty seconds with a baseball bat, finishing the stupidity by teabagging its face. "Now that was a job well done if I do say so myself!" Scout bragged.

Business continued at Heavy's Sandwich Shop from there on out, and everyone lived happily ever after.

## LAST WORDS

Scout: "I AM THE SCOUT! I AM THE BEST CHARACTER ON THE TEAM! I AM BETTER THAN HEAVY AND MEDIC COMBINED!"

Heavy: "I FIRE MORE BULLET THAN YOU!"

Demoman: "I AM MORE DRUNK THAN YOU! \*burp\*"

Sniper: "I've pissed and shat out more weight than what your entire body is worth, mate!"

Engineer: "Why don't you come over and say that to my sentries, tough guy?"

Real Soldier: "I AM MORE AMERICAN THAN YOU WILL EVER BE, BOY SCOUT CUPCAKE! MY INTERNAL ORGANS PULSE WITH AMERICAN PASSION! NOW DROP AND GIVE ME TWENTY!"

Medic: "I'VE SEEN YOUR BLOOD, AND EET EEZ NOT SUFFICIENT TO SATISFY MY INTERNAL CRAVINGS! HEHEHEE..."

Pyro: "Mpffmfmmfmpm ffpmpffmf, ffpmpffmf fmmmpmmpffppppppffm fppmfpmfffmpmpp fppmmppppppmmmmmpmpp pfmfmfppppmp-mmmfmmfmm fmmppfppp pfpmpf mmm mmpmfffmpmmfmp. Ffpmpffmf mmpmppfmpfmpmpppff mmpmpp mpmmmmppmppppmppmmpm mfmmpfmmmmmpm ffpmpffmf mmmmfppp'fmp mfmppfmpfmpmffpppmfm mmpfmfpffppmppmmpm pffmffmfmmfmpm pppppffpp."

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